

## RHYMES ABOUT ANIMALS.

BY FRANK VALENTINE.

I.

THERE was a boy named Sammy Lynn,  
And one day at the "Zoo"  
He came and rode a Camel in  
And led a Kangaroo.

II.

One cannot long feel anger who,  
Though down in "doleful dumps,"  
Beholds a sportive Kangaroo  
Flit by with flying jumps.

III.

If you want a rhyme to "Platypus,"  
And cannot find one, call  
A Pussy-cat a Catty-puss—  
Which simplifies it all.

IV.

"I 'm tangled," cried an Antelope,—  
"The hunter comes to kill.  
From these thick boughs I can't elope;  
I 'd better make my will!"

V.

I understand (ah, well I can!)  
How dire alarm may fill  
The fishes, when a Pelican  
Presents his monstrous bill.

VI.

We tried a pachydermatous  
Wild Boar to scare away;  
But he looked so fierce and firm at us,  
We—well, we did not stay.

VII.

I really cannot tell if Aunt,  
Though wonderful her lore,  
Has ever seen an elephant  
Check trunks to Baltimore.

VIII.

Said the Dugong to the Manatee,  
By the banks of Orinoco:  
"I 'll see you, if I can, at tea;  
But mind you have some cocoa."

IX.

When fighting failed, our army 'gan,  
Its spare hours to employ,  
To chase the wily Ptarmigan;  
I smiled—and wished them joy.

X.

"I don't care," cried the Cormorant,  
"For gale or swelling sea;  
The elements may storm or rant,  
'T is all the same to me."

XI.

The lame man said: "I 'll limp and see  
(He 's surely worth the sight)  
That charming, chattering Chimpanzee,  
Before he 's vanished quite."

XII.

"If I 'm to fight the Unicorn,"  
The hungry Lion said,  
"On raw beef, not on puny corn,  
I really must be fed."

XIII.

Alone, or with no pal but Ross  
(Bob Ross, my comrade dear),  
I 've chased the sailing Albatross  
O'er miles of ocean drear.

XIV.

If you had bought a Catamount,  
And by his claws been rent,  
You 'd say with me that *that* amount  
Might better have been spent.

XV.

"What think you?" said the Buffalo,—  
"Be candid, now, old fellow,—  
Was ev' voice so gruff or low  
As mine is, when I bellow?"

XVI.

I once said to a Porcupine,  
Whose dinner was a root:  
"If ne'er for knife and fork you pine,  
You are a happy brute!"

# A Tiger Tale



There was an ancient Grecian boy  
 Who played upon the fiddle,  
 Sometimes high, sometimes low,  
 Sometimes in the middle;  
 And all day long beneath the shade  
 He lunched on prunes and marmalade;  
 But what the tunes were which he played  
 Is certainly a riddle.

Three tigers,  
 gaunt  
 and ravenous,  
 Came from the  
 gloomy wood.  
 Intent to slay  
 the fiddler,  
 But his  
 music  
 was  
 too good;  
 So round  
 about  
 him once  
 they  
 filed,  
 Till,  
 by the  
 melody  
 beguiled,  
 They sat  
 them soft-  
 ly down and  
 smiled,  
 As only  
 tigers could.





— JOHN BENNETT — 9b —

And thus beguiled, those tigers smiled  
Throughout the livelong day  
Until, at length, there was not left  
Another tune to play.

\* \* \* \* \*

What happened  
then I do not  
know:  
I was not there  
to see.  
But when a  
man runs short  
on tunes,  
Can tigers  
be appeased  
with prunes,  
Or marmalade  
and silver spoons?  
That's what perplexes me.

## THE TRUE STORY OF MARCO POLO.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

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### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE WONDERS OF INDIA.

MARCO's description of the pearl-fishery of Ceylon is not only very interesting, but also truthful. The general features of the pearl-fishery of to-day are the same as in his time. The name "Maabar," which Marco gives to the region described, means probably that which we now know as the Coromandel coast. The point which he calls "Bettelar" is undoubtedly Patlam, on the coast of Ceylon. The shark-charmers, of whom Marco speaks, are still in existence. They pretend to be able to charm the sharks so that they will not attack the

divers. The secret which they have is usually bequeathed from father to son, and never goes out of the family; and it is believed by all the natives and by many foreigners that they do really keep away the sharks. Marco says:

When you leave the Island of Seilan and sail westward about 60 miles, you come to the great Province of MAABAR, which is styled INDIA THE GREATER; it is the best of all the Indies, and is on the mainland.

In this Province there are five kings, who are own brothers. I will tell you about each in turn. The Province is the finest and noblest in the world.

At this end of the Province reigns one of those five Royal Brothers, who is a crowned King, and his name is SONDER BANDI DAVAR. In this kingdom they find fine and great pearls; and I will tell how they are got.

The sea here forms a gulf between the Island of Seilan and the mainland. And all round this gulf the water